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valescence. As a writer, Mr. St. Leger displayed great intensity of feeling, and a deep knowledge of the secret workings of human nature. His descriptions were vivid, and pictures of passion powerful. His Gilbert Earle, and his tale of the Bohemians, rank among the best efforts in this department of literature."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

We mentioned in our first Number, the recent additions made to *Memoirs* connected with late events; France, also witnesses the publication of the "Memoires complets et authentiques du duc de St. Simon, &c." which are to be completed within this month. These memoirs are called *Complets*, because this is the first time of their appearing in full, as the Duke wrote them; large portions of the original papers had been suppressed by Government, and through family motives; they refer to the reign of Lewis XIV. and the Regency of the Duke of Orleans, whose intimate he was. They abound in curious particulars and descriptions of historical characters—and on the whole give the French people no very great cause to regret the "*bon vieux temps*." By the extent of the work, (16 vols.) and the anticipation of a yet greater prolongation, we may form an idea of the copiousness of these memoirs. The English Novels, by Scott, Cooper, and even Banim, are presented, as soon as published, in a French-dress, and with other importations from England and Germany, give birth and currency to a much more general and varied literature, than was in vogue previous to the Revolution. The French philosophy is also partly influenced by the Scotch; there has lately appeared a translation of Macculloch, the economist,—but, to that subject we shall recur in a future number.

Dietrich Hüllman has published a work in German, on the police and condition of cities in the middle ages, (*Städtewesen des Mittelalters*), in which he displays a great deal of erudition on a period, which has, of late years, been so successfully illustrated in this country by Hallam, and in France, by Sismondi, of one of whose works, (*Littérature du midi*), a new edition (the third,) has lately appeared.

In Russia there would be found a great deal of talent, were it not, unfortunately, checked by a rigid *censure*, which interferes with the publication even of *Almanachs*. The late Emperor was so well aware of the injury done to literature, by submitting the fruits of genius and learning to the scrutiny of any number of men, who may be biased by other motives than those of justice, that (although he would not abolish it, from fear, we presume, of too much enlightenment,) he took an individual author, (the celebrated *Karamzine*, the writer of a history of Russia,) under his special protection, taking on himself the office of censor, which he certainly exercised with less partiality than any other would have done. In like manner, his present Imperial Majesty has taken under his personal *surveillance*, the poet *Pouchkine*, whose writings are much admired by his countrymen, and to whom it was intimated, that it was his Majesty's pleasure to examine whatever works he might be disposed to publish hereafter. The censorship extends especially to Foreign books and Journals, which are to be examined at the post offices—it is strict with novels, with respect to morality, religion, and, we presume, chiefly politics. The Russians possess an

author particularly distinguished in the last mentioned style, and, it seems, not unworthily so; we mean, *Basil Nargjny*.

T. G. A.

DUBLIN *versus* LONDON.

BY A JUNIOR PENTAGONAL.

Here we go up, up, up—

There we go down, down downie;
Now we go hither and yonder,
And hey! for Dublin townie.

Of all cities, at home or abroad, of hill or plain, main-land or island, commend us to the capital of our fatherland—the metropolis of old ancient Ireland. Who that remembers the well known Lord L—— who stood on the steps of his splendid mansion in Stephen's-green, to watch, as he said, "the predestinarians perambulating the Beau-walk, and pronounced Dublin the most fashionablest, car-dhrivnest, saybathinest, tay-dhrinkinest, pleassintest, dissipatintest, place in the world," but must concur in the justice and acuteness of his Lordship's commendation, and proclaim Eblana the beautiful and delightful, the queen of cities. When Englishmen speak slightly of our country, (as those who have not visited us too frequently do,) we only pity their ignorance, or reason them (in our native way) into good manners; but when a fellow-countryman—our familiar friend, in whom we trusted—assails our land or people, he raises in us stronger feelings of pain and indignation. Yet Irishmen may generally be known by their abuse of Ireland, and every thing Irish, as easily as by that musical and ear-soothing intonation which our maligners call the brogue. But, laying all national feeling and prejudice completely aside, let us, for a moment, calmly contemplate the comparative advantages of the two capitals.

In London, in all years generally, and this year (we speak of 1829) in particular, not only does summer set in, as Lord Dudley phrases it, "with its usual severity," but from the commencement of the winter, till the sitting of the House, you have nothing but one long, cold, guttery, snowy, blowy, dark, dreary, ill-scented November fog, during which you speak sour and sharp to your wife—scold and skelp your children—snap and snarl at your friend—until, at length, on a stern sleety morning, remaining in your chamber long beyond the usual hour, the door is at last thrust open, and you are discovered, by your agonised relations, hanging from the bed-post in a state of suspended animation—with your nose as green as a welsh leek—your tongue protruded five inches over your teeth, and a letter in your waistcoat pocket from your coal-merchant's solicitor—threatening instant proceedings, if payment be not made, with costs, and without delay.

Besides, the size of London is quite absurd. For example—you live in Sloane-street, and want to call on your particular friend in Islington Terrace, who has caught a quinzey and the snuffles, from "the cold, wet, and mire." Intervalla vides humanæ comoditas, as Dan Horace somewhere inditeth of the hardships of the Roman metropolis, and which the sage commentator, in loco, interprets in his critical and idiomatic acquaintance with our native tongue, "a pretty civil distance."—In English, it is nine miles off. If a man walks he is tired to death, and worse; the legs of his ineffables, crusted with liquid Macadam, till they resemble pillared supporters for that Colossus of roads,

while the Stultz premier, the cravat, and even the human face divine, are only less profusely spattered than the troisèmes, with the same congealed consistency of claubery clay. Then you are jostled and knocked about by butchers, porters, sweeps, pot-boys, dogs, draymen, and other two and four-footed beasts, and that too as often by mere malice prepense as by accident; and when you, (Patrick) accustomed to the better subordination of ranks observed in Ireland, proceed with becoming spirit to knock your assailant civilly over in the kennel, as a matter of course, by a left-handed facer, judiciously planted on the nether jaw; you are astonished to find yourself snapped up by a party of *Peelers*! what think you, to answer a charge of assault before Sir Richard Bernie?

—— Feriant: vadimonia delude

Irati faciunt.

They kick you first—then charge you on the watch, as Juvenal describes two thousand years ago.

But, with the fear of calcitration and incarceration before your eyes, you prefer taking a Cab; scarcely have you proceeded above seventy or eighty streets, when the thing the driver calls a horse starts, stumbles, runs away, and falls:—you are pitched out upon your head in the mire—crushed under a coal waggon, and the Crown's quest returns a verdict of 'found dead, and buried in a cavity of the pavement.' But you are light, and Irish, and not easily killed; and accordingly you come off with only your left shoulder put out, and a compound fracture in your right leg; the horror-struck spectators, in a transport of benevolence and enthusiasm—no—not in either transport or enthusiasm—for it is in London, but in a dirty blanket, placed on an old door, bear you off to Middlesex Hospital, or Guy's, where you recover sensation barely in time to hear the consoling tidings that amputation is indispensable, and in the *Morning Herald* of the following day, under the head of "fatal accident," appears the mournful intelligence that "Mr. Garra Mahaffy, a gentleman from Ireland, was yesterday thrown from his Cabriolet, in Fleet-street, and so severely contused, that, after suffering amputation, and lingering in unspeakable agonies till midnight, the unfortunate gentleman breathed his last. His friends are not known!"

We manage things better in Dublin. Here we have one delicious range from Harcourt-street South, by Stephen's-green, Grafton, Westmorland and Sackville-streets, through Cavendish-row, and on to Blessington-street Basin in the polar regions, which, with a few lateral divergencies to Merrion, Fitzwilliam and Mountjoy-squares, includes nearly the whole habitable globe. Then our Quays, and our Phoenix-park; where will you match them. The atmosphere is clear, serene and mild, and the streets airy, and wide, and well and cleanly kept, to ride, drive, or walk in, and ladies, absolutely ladies, beautiful, well dressed and unattended, walking securely without fear or thought of insult, for—

"Though we love beauty and golden store,
Sir Knight, we love honour and virtue more."

Now go to London and "follow me that if you can," as widdy Brady challenges Captain Bell in the song. And though our ladies can walk in safety when they like, they have handsome well appointed equipages to drive in too, nor have we any lack of all the stir and bustle of a great metropolis.

Again, a man has four hundred a year, lives single and is rich, or, being a Benedict, is put to his shifts on three thousand per annum, with eleven daughters and two sons. In either case, if he be sapient, let him eschew the English metropolis, (as a residence) and live in Dublin, where he will have value and consideration for his money, and the men set Malthus at most chivalrous defiance. Pray Sir, what would you desire that you cannot have in Dublin? You answer, the Opera, and the House.—We admit and mourn the fact, but thus far, and no farther shalt thou go. In church music—but of that one of us hath said or sung in another place. Once we had a House of our own, and more recently a Cat. Ass. in which to argue by platoons, and when the Great Counsellor repales the Union, we shall again, and fools shall sport and wise men listen, to their hearts content. But even as it is, our courts of law beat the Houses of Parliament all to sticks. It is two to one on the Four Courts.

The Londoners would no more dream of straying into Westminster Hall in search of an hour's diversion, than we of Dublin, should think of seeking amusement at a fancy ball in the Rotunda, where the characters of sweeps and tinkers are done to the life, or instruction at a sitting of the Royal Academy, where the members commonly have nothing to say, and they say it. With us of Dublin, it is very different: instead of the cold, dry, argumentative prosing of the English lawyer, who has a dull matter of fact fashion of speaking always to the point, our ears are regaled with flashes of wit and imagination, and sportive fancy, intermingled with peals of laughter and delight, to enliven and relieve the sober sadness, and the solid sense of legal disquisition. Heavens! how Lord Tenterden would have stared, and frowned, until the cloud burst forth in one overwhelming storm of annihilation on the devoted head of the luckless speaker, had any of the gentlemen of the bar ventured to amuse the court, over which his lordship so efficiently presides, with such an effusion as that listened to, and applauded with so much rapture by lawyers and ladies on a recent occasion, in our court of King's Bench. Seriously we have many a time and oft paid our divided allegiance, in the shape of half-a-crown, for leave to listen to orators "in another place," who have pleased and entertained us infinitely less, than the displays of wit and humour, and we will add of manly reasoning and forensic eloquence, that have greeted our ears, "free gratis for nothin," in our own courts of law. But we intend to visit the Hall, and pay our respects to the more eminent lawyers in detail in our professional sketches, therefore more of this anon. But in developing the resources of interest and occupation to be met with in Dublin, who can forget the five great libraries?—The University—the Dublin Society—the Institution—Marsh's in the Cathedral—and, though last, not least in convenience and utility, the Dublin Library, which shines in the reflected glory of the Star of the West—even the DUBLIN LITERARY GAZETTE, to the local habitation of which it has the happiness to be exactly opposite. The Botanical Gardens of the Dublin Society, and the College, deserve a separate notice, and when sweet spring returns, we shall inhale their balmy and fragrant airs in the fresh sunny mornings, and listen to our friend Litton's perorations, and enlighten

our beloved and sympathising Public with the result of our observations, under the taking title of "Walks to Glasnevin." But the learned Societies abovesaid, which furnish us with these pleasant retreats for mind and body, in the shape of libraries and gardens, likewise offer to every living wight who chooses to sit and listen, regular courses of lectures in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Mineralogy, and Mining, by competent Professors; with a glorious climax of Astronomical Lectures, by Hamilton, the prodigy. What shall we more say? Are there not two public Museums—as many Academies of Arts—a Zoological Society that is to be—an unrivalled Phoenix Park, to take air and exercise in by day, with access thereto by the Military-Road, and the new Iron Bridge, to which we shall give a special notice one of these days—and a Theatre-Royal to recreate in by night—and an Adelphi, where the Diorama was—and good paintings in private houses, which we shall also notice by-and-by—and Exhibitions, and delicious Concerts, when one wants to get rid of a few shillings, and many yawns, and a general taste for music, and exceedingly pleasant and intellectual society, and the most beautiful environs in the world, to say nothing of the arcade and the bazaar, and the most splendid shops of every description, booksellers included; witness the pre-eminent laudation of Mr. Curry's painted window in last week's newspapers, (and every other aid to facilitate the progress of the march of intellect in the matured as well as infant mind,) meeting one at every step, "thick as the leaves that strow the brooks in Vallambrosa," to make the week pass pleasantly and swiftly; and is there where one can go with more pleasure and profit to church on Sunday? Certainly not where. "Let's aye be thankful," as Sawney says in the play, "let's aye be thankful, for our mercies are many."

In sadness, Dublin is an exceedingly pleasant city to any one who knows it, and who has good sense enough to be superior to the yearning after London, which possesses some men as a mania. A period of despondency and local stagnation followed, naturally enough, after the legislative union, which deprived the capital of so many of its principal residents, and most powerful attractions, but we have watched its progress with anxiety and interest, and we have no hesitation in stating our belief, that this city has reached and passed its ultimate point of depression, and is now slowly, but surely, rising in the scale.

Leaves from the Note-book of a Peripatetic Philosopher of Westminster.

December 29.—Went out with the intention of spending the evening in the pit of Covent Garden Theatre.—A dense fog, having "an ancient and most fish-like smell" pervaded the atmosphere—the ground very inconvenient for Peripatetics, being soft, slippery, and unclean, like the minds of certain pretenders to philosophy who deny religion. Descried through the haze in Coventry-street, a butcher's cart going at the rate of ten miles an hour, driven by two boys in blue frocks, without hat or cap. Admired the daring of the youths, and the heroic courage with which they risked their own lives, and the philosophic indifference with which they perilled the lives of others.—Meditated on the assistance which one sense gives to another, and doubted whether even looking in the exact direction of the cart, I

should have seen it, but for the horrid din it raised.—Mem. There is a mixture of good and ill in almost every thing; not excepting *macadamization*.

Meditations disturbed by a scream—found that the butcher's cart had run over two women, as they passed down Prince's-street. Butcher's boys stopped by one of the new Police—justified themselves in a very clear and argumentative manner, maintaining that as they had cried "oy," it was the business of the women to have got out of the way, and not their business to pull up, or turn to one side; the crowd were divided on the subject, but the majority appeared to be of opinion that if the lads cried "oy," the two fractured females were much to blame for being hurt.

Meantime, I, having some small smattering of surgical knowledge, stepped down to examine the wounded, of whom one groaned piteously, and the other was insensible. While I busied myself endeavouring to restore suspended animation, a very serious, respectable looking gentleman, in black clothes, came to my assistance, who spoke very pathetically of the case of the unfortunate women, and at the same time, I found both his hands plunged to the very bottom of my breeches pockets, his fingers groping their way through emptiness; for, having a presentiment of such polite attention, I had placed my sovereign, which was all the money I carried about me, in a secret and inscrutable receptacle in my waistcoat.

My friend's urbanity was not increased by this pocket discovery, which I did not think it needful to disturb; his conversation died away in the following manner—"Poor creatures," "God help them" "damn the fellow, not a sixpence, some starved apothecary, fishing for a job." The last words were uttered in the low tone of a soliloquy, and the respectable looking gentleman disappeared.

After an argument ably maintained for some time between two fat persons, with very large thick great coats, as to the point of law respecting their duty, in the event of such a casualty, it was finally decided, that the butcher's boys should go to the watch-house, and the wounded women to the hospital, and I departed, admiring at the perfection of civilization in this favoured part of the world, and the philosophic coolness with which the aid of reason was continually invoked.

When I arrived at Covent-Garden theatre, found an immense crowd at the pit door, with which I got presently mingled; the constable under the Piazzas calling out as usual in a loud voice "take care of pick pockets," "turn your seals into your fobs, going into the house." A young gentleman, whom by his accent I recognized to be a Dublinite, asked a stranger who stood next him, what was the meaning of the shouting, as he had not heard the words distinctly? "Meenin," replied the stranger—"haw—haw—you're a young'un I take, it ha'n't been 'ere before I reckon—haw—haw—I should so like to see you find out the meenin when you found you ha'n't got no watch inside the pit—only way to teach young 'uns."

Who could help admiring the philosophic disregard of ceremony displayed in this reply, and the contempt of that refined hypocrisy called politeness? This man expressed the feelings of his mind with true English bluntness, and that rough sincerity, the excellence of which the young gentleman from Dublin was probably not able to appreciate.